

SOME OF THE OLDER CITIZENS.

Antoine Le Grand, Aged 64.

About only in the current of the newspaper man he runs across a rare specimen of humanity who abhors publicity, and only under the greatest inducement of duty will consent to be interviewed for publication, or speak at all of himself. One of these whom it is so refreshing to meet, lives quietly and humbly in this city, buried among his books, his archives and insignia of honors conferred, honors, too, emanating from every corner in the civilized world. He is Father Antoine Joseph Le Grand, a learned and finely polished French priest of the Roman Catholic church, retired and a recluse under the protective sanctuary of St. Francis hospital. This dignified and erudite gentleman, now in his 64th year, has had a most eventful career, at once stirring and remarkable. His father was a colonel in the French army, as was also an uncle who achieved distinction at the battle of Gravelotte. He himself was early ordained for army life and gained the title of Lieutenant in the army of France.

He came to America before the war and was a professor in many of the most influential and famed collegiate institutions of the land, among them, Williams college, Vassar college, Eastman's seminary, Cook's College, Institute, St. Mary's college at Marquette, Michigan, Canada. In these various institutions of learning he held many important positions, teaching languages of about every kind, both spoken and obsolete, mathematics, philosophy, and applied science. Later at Havre, France, he held a high rank in the famous "Institution Chasim Delavigne," where the examinations are so severe for candidates for admission that one has to be highly educated before applying at all. In 1879 he returned to Europe and was appointed to a position of prelate in another religious body, later being raised to the highest rank of authority in this body, his power and jurisdiction being in the city of Rome. In 1888 he left this seat forever and entered heart and soul into the Catholic church, and was at once ordained as priest, entering zealously into the order of the Resurrection Fathers at Rome. Then he did most of his missionary work, which extended over most of the world, including Asia, Australia, Africa and about everywhere else. He came to America again in 1894 and was for some time in Chicago, and other large cities, in various parts of Kansas, and one year ago came to Wichita where he has been ever since. Though he is very old, he is of a humbly personified, meek to a degree really painful to a newspaper reporter, and modest almost to a fault, yet he is the most entertaining and social of men if only himself is not the subject of conversation. He is the master of eleven different languages, including the most important European tongues, the difficult Basque dialect, and all the classic exact languages. He is a most voracious reader and has a finely selected library of the best of the world, including some rare old volumes. Next to his loved church in which he has been a faithful and distinguished worker, he is most wrapped up in and devoted to his books, valuable manuscripts, and memoirs. In his relaxing moments he is now at work on a literary undertaking of vast scope and requiring such wide learning and information as he possesses. While a Protestant he was honored with the rare rank of a Scottish Rite Mason of the thirty-third degree.

John Speer, Aged 82.

John Speer came up into the Eagle office the other day and sat down and told about his recent trip east. No man, in all the breadth and length of Kansas has so much Kansas history at his fingers' ends as has Mr. John Speer. No one can tell the story of Kansas with more exciting detail and more comprehensive comment than he. He had just read an account of a Missourian, who having been with Quantrell in his raid on Lawrence, attempted to justify that awful massacre.

One thing about the Missourian's narrative which particularly annoyed Mr. Speer was the charge that the raiders saw in Lawrence many planes which the Kansas had stolen from Kansas City. Mr. Speer says there wasn't a plane in Lawrence from Kansas City or Jackson county.

From the matter of denouncing the Missourian's story Mr. Speer passed to his recent trip to Europe, Ohio, and other places. Going up from Cincinnati he met a man and fell into conversation with him. He found that the gentleman was going to Portsmouth and lived there.

"I used to live at Portsmouth," said Mr. Speer.

"When were you last there?" asked the man.

"In 1812," answered Mr. Speer, while the man turned and looked at him in surprise.

"Do you remember anybody there?" asked the man.

"Why, yes," said Mr. Speer. "I remember Shuck, Mashach and Abednigo."

The man laughed heartily.

"Yes," said the man, in reply, "everybody remembers them. They were the Hannas."

So they fell to talking about the Hannas. Mrs. Hanna named her triplets, boys, Shadrach, Meshach and Abednigo. The first two are dead long ago. Abednigo lives somewhere in Illinois. When General Andrew Jackson came to Portsmouth, he heard of the triplets and sent for them. After looking them over he gave each five dollars.

Mr. Speer then asked the gentleman if he remembered "Corporation."

"What was his last name?" asked the gentleman.

"He never had any."

The man had never heard of him.

Afterward when Mr. Speer reached Portsmouth he made many inquiries after "Corporation," but no one knew of him. He had disappeared.

"Corporation" was a very ragged and very bad little boy. He was a waif in a big city. The town of Portsmouth adopted him. He had no other name, so he was called "Corporation," this being a common name for a waif in that town.

"Corporation" was a great terror in his day. He didn't reform, but loafed about the river, stole rides on steamboats and made it a regular business to nearly drown himself once a week.

Mr. Speer went to the Tribune office in Portsmouth, the original Tribune of the world, and looked over the old files, seeing many articles which he, as a printer, had set up long ago.

On his way home Mr. Speer stopped at Oassola, Missouri, a town Jim Lane once invaded to find out what the people there knew about him.

Wanted—A wise man to teach the Seilly Islands.—The Anglo-American.

A. A. Glenn, Aged 80.

Judge A. A. Glenn has been a familiar figure here for years. Every one knows him, every one loves and respects him, for the many sterling qualities which make up a character that it would be well for any young man to imitate. Judge Glenn was born 80 years ago in Nickles county, Kentucky. His life has been a public one for three score years. He cast his first vote for William Henry Harrison. It was his last vote cast with the Democratic party and was so affiliated ever since.

He recently returned to his old home in Sterling, Illinois, on a short visit. He was glad to get back to Wichita, where he has as large an acquaintance as any man. While in Mr. Sterling he looked up some old friends and met many of his old friends and met many of his old friends.

He was born in 1818. In 1841 Stephen A. Douglas was judge of the circuit court of Brown county. The clerk had been newly appointed. He was a physician and knew nothing of the forms of law, but Douglas was more or less familiar with such work, having been a clerk in another county. Judge Douglas employed him to assist the new clerk. He, while there several weeks ago, pulled out the old records, now 17 years of age, and looked at them. The ink was fading but there, in his own handwriting, is recorded that on the 10th of April, 1841, with Judge Stephen A. Douglas presiding, H. L. Bryant prosecuting attorney, Elijah Davis sheriff, and James Brockman clerk, Court had been in session a few days when the news of the death of William Henry Harrison was received. He had been dead a week before they knew it. However, an attorney, Cyrus L. Walker, moved that court adjourn for one day as a mark of respect. This is recorded by Judge Glenn. Judge Douglas made a short speech or eulogy on Harrison. This speech, however, was played on the records by Brockman.

Judge Glenn was postmaster of Ripley, Illinois, fifty years ago. He was president of the Illinois senate, ex-officio from 1875 to '77 and lieutenant governor. He came to this city in '78 and has served six years as police judge and four as justice of the peace. He has a remarkable memory for dates. Although he is getting feeble in body, his wonderful mind is still as active as in the days when he was one of the most prominent figures in Illinois politics. He was also a delegate to the Illinois constitutional convention in '62 and took a prominent part in its proceedings. Judge Glenn is a native-born American and German extraction. He has a great deal of interest in Masonry, having joined the blue lodge in '54. He is the oldest Mason in the city. He became a Knight Templar in '64. His life has been an exceptionally active one, full of good, with much benefit to hundreds whom he has assisted in many different ways.

MURPHY WAS BEHIND TIME.

The boys of the Wichita company when they reached Chickamauga and really learned how to drill used to sit around in groups and laugh over the way Mr. Murphy had drilled them in Wichita.

Mr. Murphy encouraged them to enlist and then drilled them publicly in Wichita.

When the boys reached Chickamauga they discovered that Murphy was using tactics on them which had died about the time of the Mexican war.

Wanted—Looks for the Florida Keys.

S. L. Davidson, Aged 85.

On the 26th day of next February Mr. S. L. Davidson will be 85 years old. Twenty-six of these years he has spent in Wichita, having come here in 1872. Only fifteen years more to round out a century and Mr. Davidson looks now as he moves about the streets taking an active interest in the city's enterprise and looking after his business affairs that he was equipped with enough vigor to tide him for years, even beyond that.

For quite a while Friday afternoon he stood on the steps of the rear entrance to the Kansas National bank of which his son, J. O. Davidson, is president and noted the activity on the streets. His eyes seem just as quick and clear as any man of half the years who passed him on the street.

Mr. Davidson was born in Vermont in January, 1813. To realize how long ago this was one has only to think that at that time America was in its second war with Great Britain. At seven years of age he went with his father across into York state as the down-easters say. The family traveled with an ox team and went by the blazed trail route, that is they went through a country so unfamiliar and without roads that they blazed trees or hewed out the bark every fifty or sixty yards so they could retrace the route. They settled in Allegheny county when a homestead was cleared and houses built. After Mr. Davidson grew to manhood he engaged in the lumber business in addition to helping with the farm work and floated many a raft down the Allegheny river. He had less than the ordinary opportunity of this day for acquiring an education but very little of his time went to waste. When the war of '61 came he engaged in the business of buying mules on government contracts and consequently spent much of his time in Washington City. After the war was closed he went back to the New York homestead where he lived till 1872, when he came to Wichita. The property he got then he has yet. Some of the lots he owns he has paid taxes on for more than 25 years. His children are living. J. O. and C. L. Davidson are interested in the Kansas National bank. J. O. being president. Two of the girls, Mrs. Mary L. Sweet and Mrs. Woodard live here. Mrs. A. H. Gossard at Kansas City and Mrs. Rogers on the New York homestead.

Mr. Davidson's father was a volunteer in the Revolutionary war and was twice wounded in the battle of Bunker Hill.

LIKED DEVIL'S AUCTION.

The maddest actor who ever came to Wichita was Richard Mansfield. The house wasn't filled, in fact the audience was rather weak and Mansfield was hot all during his play the first night. But he thought the people would adhere to him and he would make up on the second night. It, too, was a failure. That night as he left the opera house he said: "I'll never play this blasted town again."

On his way to the depot from the hotel an hour later he dropped behind a neighbor's house and hid himself in a bush. He was there when the second night came. He saw a man say: "Well, I didn't like that Beau Brummel as well as The Devil's Auction."

Mansfield faintly smiled and was so mad he could hardly get to sleep.

HIS FIRST PHOTOGRAPH.

Nereus Baldwin has preserved the first photograph he ever took. It is a place of rural scenery—a daguerotype.

Ben Plummer, Aged 69.

One of the venerable and respected patriots of Wichita early history, still active in the conduct of his business interests which are managed by his son, Oscar Barnes of the Music House of Barnes & Newcomb. There is no closer student of civic questions in Wichita, nor anywhere for that matter than Mr. Barnes. He reads carefully every day the newspapers, the utterances of public men on public issues. Mr. Barnes is probably the money more of tariff theories and the money question and studies these matters more than any other man in Kansas. He is a New Yorker by birth, but left that state at the age of eight years and settled at Kalamazoo, Michigan, where he engaged in the mercantile business until he came to Wichita in 1873.

After coming to Wichita he went into the drug business, retiring after ten years to deal in the wholesale of musical instruments. He has been quite successful in business. He built the Barnes block in 1883 and the Richmond block on East Douglas, one hundred foot front and three stories high in 1888. He now owns a dozen properties on Main street and Douglas avenue and none of them for sale. Mr. Barnes believes in Wichita and he never parts from a piece of Wichita real estate. He enjoys good health for a man of his age, is keenly alive to whatever touches the interests of Wichita and was always noted for the magnificent manner with which he dealt with men who had less of opportunity than he did.

CAME IN NEATLY.

Superintendent H. W. Darling of Plymouth Sunday school, got the laugh of the entire school on him last Sunday and one which he enjoyed himself. It was a bright little boy who caused the discomfort of the chief, and whether he did it innocently or with method and design, may never be known. It was the hour for the various classes to recite before the school the verses which had been learned through the preceding week. In one class of boys there were twelve who had failed to get their verses learned and the irritated superintendent was roasting them to a brown turn and warning them never to be so careless and indolent again. In an evil moment Mr. Darling stopped to catch breath and as he did so Winn Holmes suddenly recollected that he had a verse and was on his feet with this 12-inch shot at the enemy's front: "Judge not that ye be not judged!" The roasting stopped amid the audible smiles of the crowded school.

ROY KRAMER DOING WELL.

Wichita is the greatest academy for newspaper men in the country. A few weeks ago Roy Kramer was working on the Eagle. He received an offer to take hold of the local page of the Davenport, Iowa, Republican. Since his arrival there the local part of the paper is blooming like a rose and it is said his employer is tickled to death with the results. Mr. Kramer is a native of this city and is thoroughly acquainted with the town he will establish a home gossip page.

MONEY IN STEALING CHICKENS.

The police say the poultry thieving profession is on the increase. In all likelihood some men make it a regular trade. A sick poultry thief, who tends steadily to his nefarious business, can make more money than a horse thief. Steps are being taken to run them out.

Not all the great bluffers are poker players.—Atholion Globe.

GOSSIP FOR HOME PEOPLE.

The Volunteer's Troubles.

Old soldiers say the bitterness of the volunteers of the Twenty-first regiment against Colonel Fitch, is nothing strange. They say that had the regiment remained in service the boys would have come to idolize Fitch. In the civil war the disciplinarian won the regard of the men in the end. The cause of the trouble is that Colonel Fitch was making soldiers of them.

But right now the volunteers are bitter indeed. One says that they nicknamed Fitch "Battle-Ax" and yelled it out loud every time he came in sight.

Jacob Balderson says that when the boys in the Union army didn't like an officer they would yell in the same spirit, "Oh, Joe, here's your mule."

Another story is that one night the boys stuck the outside of Colonel Fitch's tent over with Battle Ax tobacco tags, and made him very angry.

The cause of the Battle-Ax nickname is said to have been Colonel Fitch's refusal to allow a representative of that municipality to come into the camp and present the boys with pink tobacco. While blaming their colonel, the boys confess that the regiment had the highest standing in the camp. Some day they will see that he deserves praise, not blame.

FITCH AND BELL.

Another story the anti-Fitchites tell is that Colonel Fitch called Lieutenant Bell up before him and ordered him to associate with the men in the ranks.

Some of the boys say Bell got very red in the face, told Fitch that he respected his clothes and his straps, but that he was no better than any man in the ranks. Then Fitch said: "You are dismissed from the service August 1." Bell didn't go August 1, so the story is probably a dream from undisciplined hard-luck.

VIEW OF BOWERY SOLDIERS.

The Wichita regiment was brigaded with a Massachusetts and a New York regiment. The New York regiment was made up of a good many men from the products of the Bowery. The Kansas boys are in doubt whether forty years of drinking would make soldiers of the Bowery fellows.

FIRST TWO MONTHS HARD.

The first two months at Chickamauga the Wichita boys say were very hard on them. They didn't get enough to eat, when their appetites had just been increased by a change of climate and when they were working like Trojans. The last three months most of all the evils were remedied.

WHAT MADE HIM SICK.

A mighty conservative, well-informed, cool-headed soldier says that before July 3 at Chickamauga it was almost impossible to get to the front. It was believed that the companies having the smaller sickles would be sent first. In marching, men would fall insensible in their tracks, having the same morning been refused the privileges of the sick. They would drop right down in the march and in many instances had to be carried to the rear-side. He says this feature was awful. When Cervera was licked, the general belief was that the war was over, the boats were granted and the hospitals filled up at once.

Set Wichita Fashion.

Yesterday a Wichita woman drew forth from a wardrobe and showed to an Eagle representative a thing which brought back the memory of a day that is dead, and a fashion which has long ago gone in the maw of the past where repose the bangles hair, sashes, hoop skirts, etc., even leg sleeves.

The relic was a La Tosca parasol. It was an ornate thing of light blue silk, airy and soft. It is less in circumference than the modern sun shade. But the difference is in the handle. The handle is a very long affair, and upon its end is a long, slender and ornamental curve.

This is the La Tosca parasol. It was brought to mind this last week by the death of Fanny Davenport. She brought it to town about ten years ago. She played there La Tosca. She carried one of these parasols. Within a week a woman who was carrying one was in it at all. The fad lasted only about six months and then was dropped forever. Fanny Davenport had an immense audience here and the town was captured.

DOCTORS DEFEATED IT.

Speaking of old fashions, Wichita had the Jane Hading veil craze worse than any other town in the country. Jane Hading, the actress, never played before a Wichita audience, but her fame reached Wichita from New York and with it the style of veil she wore. This veil was black, dropped straight from the front of the hat and was covered with black spots. At the time it was supposed to make any woman simply bewitching. The spots were injurious to the eyes, however, and doctors began a hard campaign against it, and finally drove it out.

GOT THE WRONG MAN.

Not very long ago a very beautiful young woman who proved to be an actress, came into the Eagle office and said: "I wish to redeem my ring."

The man at the front counter smiled, understanding her.

"Will you attend to it?" she asked.

"Well," he said with hesitation, "where is your ring?"

"In St. Joe," she answered. "Here is the pawn broker's ticket."

"Oh," he said.

She looked at him fiercely.

"You pawned it," he asked, "pawned it in St. Joe?"

"Yes, certainly."

"You're mistaken," the young man said. "We don't redeem things."

"Isn't this an express office?" she asked wonderingly.

"No. This is a newspaper office."

"Oh dear me," she gasped, blushing, grabbing her pawn ticket and flying out the door.

Pay to Operate It.

Everybody is talking about the transfer of the Whitaker packing plant and the prospects of early operation. Of course its operation would be a great stroke for the town. A man said yesterday: "The late plant is not nearly so saleable as the new one."

The new plant would be in operation. The new owners and an expert traffic man whose principle business was to keep Wichita down. This man has since left the employ of Kansas City and one day he told a Wichita man that Wichita had been treated more unjustly than any other city in the United States.

THE RAILROAD'S ARGUMENT.

It is said the railroads have been responsible for killing two of the sales of the Whitaker packing plant in the past. The railroads argue to themselves in this way. With a market and packing plants at Kansas City, they get money for shipping the live hogs to Kansas City and then they get money for shipping the same hogs cut up into bacon, hams, etc., back into the same territory. When the hogs are shipped only to Wichita, the railroads lose the freight on the live hogs. When the hogs are shipped to Kansas City, and when Wichita cuts them up into bacon, hams, etc., the railroads again lose the freight between Kansas City and Wichita.

HOW PACKERS FEEL.

There is a great curiosity to know whether the name Whitaker will be retained on the Wichita packing plant. It is operated by those to whom it is transferred, it will probably retain the name and the brands. If any of the big packers should gain control of it, the name would be changed. All the big packers are as proud of their names, which are in their case their brands and thus stock in trade, as boys are of their particular surnames. The Swifts, if they should up Armour today, would do it with great glee, although it might be at a financial loss. This shows that little vanity creeps into the great affairs of life as easily as they do into a child's party.

IT NEVER LOST MONEY.

John Whitaker was very proud of his Wichita home and a great friend to Wichita. It was his ambition to make a great plant of the Wichita home. If he had had it alone, his single property, he could have done it. It was transactional foreign to Wichita which kept the plant here back. It always did make money, taken alone.

TRAMP WAS NO GOOD.

In the Twenty-first regiment the boys say there was one professional hobo. He was watched with a good deal of interest, and the consensus of opinion was that in the five months he showed no inclination towards making a soldier at all.

The Wichita Way.

It is said by a man who states that Wichita pays less attention to railroad officials than any other town in Kansas. In other Kansas towns the arrival of a special car with an observatory window in the rear is an event. The curious gaiter about it and wait for a glimpse of the great man. In Wichita no one takes the pains to inquire about a special car and it is treated with the same indifference accorded a day coach.

The railroad man noting this says that the officials rather like Wichita's attitude. They do not relish being examined by the crowds as if they were animals.

In some towns comes the president of the United States and the president of the Santa Fe railroad should arrive on the same day the crowd would forsake the president of the United States.

THEY DON'T KNOW WICHITA.

It is said by a man who states that politicians who are for Leeds taking away from Stanley. If the town has a characteristic over another, it is its facility for standing by Wichita men. Leeds could no more take Wichita and Sedgewick county away from Stanley than he could paint a sign on the face of the moon.

The thing which placed Wichita on the highway to greatness was the unity of its citizens in everything. For years everybody in town used to elect Bill Griffithen mayor. No one cared about his politics. Whenever a Wichita man comes up for office outside the town he gets behind him and pushes him to the wall state's out.

Wichita is a puzzle to the state politicians. It always has been. They will see more dumfounded than ever when they see the way the people of this town stand together on Stanley.

PEOPLE PROUD OF IT.

The Doid packing plant has warmed itself into Wichita's heart in a truly wonderful way. For a long time when the Doid house was only killing a minimum of good many of the citizens of the town looked daggers and made hard remarks about themselves for putting up contributions to secure the plant.

But since the plant has been running, the people are proud to the clouds over the institution. It is pointed to with swelling breast and is spoken of in flattering terms a hundred times a day. Nothing has pleased the Wichita people so much in years as the plan of Messrs. Doid in throwing the plant open to visitors during fair week. This was the Wichita spirit of advertising and it killed the town to death.

VOLUNTEER WHO MADE MONEY.

While at Chickamauga the Wichita boys were shaved by a German soldier named Weiss who enlisted at Topeka. He shaved nearly every regiment and was reported to make as high as fifty dollars a week. The regulations compelled the boys to shave once a week.

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Will Christen the System.

There is a plan on foot to have the new street car system in Wichita, when it comes, christened in the latest approved style, that is with a bottle of champagne.

This is being done in eastern cities, and is borrowed from the navy, a new ship at its launching being christened by a beautiful young lady who stands near the prow, breaks the bottle of liquor over the ship and says: "I christen thee Illinois." (or some other name).

The Wichita plan contemplates the selection of the prettiest girl in town, who will stand on the corner of Main and Douglas, in the center of an immense concourse and christen the new system.

This was done in New Jersey the other day. The young lady cracked the bottle over the front fender, the motor turned on the power and shot away in a cloud of intoxicating champagne perfume.

Mr. Church has the selection of the young lady and whoever is chosen will be honored.

THE COMBINATION CAR.

The smokers in the city are taking a hand in telling what they would like in the new street cars. Their particular fancy is a combination car. These are found in the large cities and consist of open lengthwise seats right in front, next to the motor, the rear part of the whole car being enclosed.

The women are expected to sit in the closed car while the smokers have the front end of the vehicle all to themselves. It is a peculiar thing that in the big cities where these cars are used there is a regular, continuous warfare over these front seats. Contrary to expectations and alleged custom the women take these front seats. This is very vexatious and the women grab the seats, and discomfit the smokers. Visitors to large cities say the men glare at the women and the women smile complacently to irritate the men, the more.

It is not likely that the combination cars will be put in in Wichita.

FOR HOME MEN ONLY.

Many of the laboring men in the city are anxious that the new car system be not extensively advertised, for fear it will bring in a flood of laborers who will take the work away from home men.

This will in all likelihood be prevented, the work being given as much as possible to the unemployed of Wichita, which is the just thing to do. Shawnee, Oklahoma, is building a waterworks system and the men stipulated in the contract that none but home men should be given employment.

NOT MANY WICHITANS.

There were only about thirty Wichita residents in the Wichita company of the Twenty-first regiment. The company was made up of men from all over the state and a Wichita company than the one recruited here.

WILL NEED SOME REPAIRS.

It is understood that there is a good deal of repairing necessary in the Whitaker plant, such as new floors in the bellows, and in such minor details. Everything, however, could be completed in two months.

Has Lost His Hearing.

William McKee, who was with the signal corps of the army at Santiago, has gone deaf, it is said, the drums being injured by his proximity to a heavy field piece at its discharge.

OLDEST TELEGRAPH POLE.

The oldest telegraph pole in town is said to be the one in the rear of the house of Jacob Pittenger. It has stood there for over twenty years. The other telephone poles in the town wear out about once every seven or eight years.

FEEDS HIS FINNY FLOCK.

Judge Dale has a very fine bass pond. He catches the bass out here, brings them to Wichita and lets them loose in his aquarium. The fish have experienced feeding times and a common sight is the august judge feeding his finny flock.

POPULAR STUDY OF ELECTRICITY.

Under the old dilapidated car system every man, woman and child in Wichita has become an electrician. When a car stopped the people would ask: "What's the matter, armature?" The motorist, driving around in the dynamo, would shake his head. "Fuss must be burned out," he suggested a powerer. And later: "It must be a dead rail."

HAD BECOME A PRINTER.

A short time ago a printer on the Eagle made himself liable to expulsion from the order by going to church—that is he attended an open air meeting of the Salvation Army and bought a War Cry. When he got home and had looked over his paper he found, first thing, a picture of one of the officers in the army. This picture impressed him at once with some familiar and the name as was, but just where and when he had known that face he could not recall. Finally he dawdled upon him it was an old acquaintance, the latter the tough boy of the town. Later he traced him to Arkansas City and when he came to Wichita he attended some district army gathering the prior hunted him up and thus two former acquaintances were brought together in a peculiar manner, after twenty-five years of separation. The had by had become a good man, industriously working in a noble cause while his friend of boyhood days had become a printer.